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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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G. W. Allen,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE DUELLISTS;

OR,

THE VICTIM OF FALSE HONOR.

A STORY OF NEW YORK.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

"Jealous in honor, sudden and quick to quarrel." SHAKESPEARE.

Not long after the last war between Great Britain and the United States, an unpleasant occurrence took place in a theatre in New York. Charles Percy, a young American, with his betrothed bride, Cornelia Neville, and Stephen Percy, his elder brother, sat in one of the curtained boxes near the stage, being attracted by the name of a popular actor from England, in Shakespeare's lovely creation of "Rosalind." British officers were still lounging about the city on their way either to or from Canada, or waiting to complete arrangements for departure by sea to England; and some of them haunted the public places with an ostentatious display of proud bearing, seeking in this unworthy way to wound the vanity of those they had failed to conquer in a nobler contention. They were disappointed at the termination of their residence abroad, vexed at the triumph of the American arms, enraged at the fallen glory of Britannia on the high seas, and pestered with a gnawing and restless spleen, that rendered their actions every thing the opposite of amiable. In short, they were reckless, and without curb; the young officers, especially giving full rein to their volatile humor, and often plunging headlong into actions that in wiser moments they themselves regretted.

Cornelia Neville had been long an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare, though only now commencing her acquaintance with stage representations. Her favorite, the brilliant comedy of "As You Like It,"—so full of immortal sentiments, as well as elegant wit, graceful playfulness, and harmonious embodiment of character—was the play of the evening; and the delighted girl, with rapt enjoyment, loved and revelled among the musical ripples of Avon. Her dark eye bent its light, through a softening tear that she never sought to dash away, upon the wanderer Orlando, and his old friend Adam; while the next moment her ringing laugh gushed out at the drollery of Touchstone, or her eloquent exclamations were breathed in sympathetic comment upon the "most humorous sadness" of Jacques. Just after a merry observation among themselves, which had thrown the party into unrestrained laughter, and in which Miss Neville joined with a frank abandon, caught from the generous atmosphere of her father's seat upon the Hudson, a young officer in the livery of the king, leaned over from the next box, drew aside the drapery, and stared impudently at the lady. Miss Neville, without turning her eyes, was conscious of the rude action, and with that delicate tact which is an amiable refinement of the sex, gave no token of her knowledge. She knew well the fiery temper of the two brothers, and imagined she could prevent their observation of what, if seen by them, would inevitably produce some serious consequence. She drew their attention instantly to the stage, and laughed anew with warmer freedom than ever, rattling off jokes remarks upon costume, gesture, or whatever else caught her eye, with a vivacity as piquant as it was irresistible. "The officer gazed into the box for many moments; at length letting the drapery fall, and retiring, as Miss Neville thought, without having been seen by the Percys. Poor girl! she never dreamed that Charles Percy was going through with as excellent a piece of acting as she had herself performed. It is true, she succeeded in keeping the attention of Stephen riveted on the passing scene, and apparently the mind of Charles, also; but the quick eye of the lover had seen all, while no clouding of the sunshine upon his brow betrayed the burning indignation suddenly alive within his heart.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" said Charles Percy. "O, how the transcendent eloquence of that passage, Cornelia, triumphs over the tame and soulless manner of the actor! The dolt! He has been dropping gems from his tongue, and does not know it!"

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

"How touching, and how true the thought! how glowing and natural the form of expression! how euphonious the lines!" continued Charles, after repeating them; "and yet how inconceivably rapid and dull is the actor who stands before us, the mouth-piece of such music of the brain!"

"In just such tones you may hear a thread-needle merchant counting up his charges," replied the laughing girl; "tape, two-and-sixpence; sewing-silk, one shilling; satin, three shillings; needles, two-pence; just six-and-eightpence, madam!"

Charles laughed again, seemingly in the lightest mode in the world, and quite innocent of the knowledge that anything had taken place, till after trifling in a gay way a little longer, he sud-

denly seemed to discover something of interest to him in the open lobby opposite. At this moment, hoisterous merriment was heard in the box near them. A burning crimson flashed and passed rapidly over the face of Charles Percy.

"Stephen, is not that Harry Longworth standing near that lobby-door to the right?" asked Charles of his brother.

"Um? which? O, I see. Yes, that's Harry," replied Stephen.

"If Miss Neville will excuse me, I have a communication of some importance to make to him," said Charles, with a calm smile upon his handsome face.

"Will you oblige us by going?" said Stephen Percy; "I have a communication myself to make to this fair lady."

"Pray go, Sir," said the lady, with mocking entreaty.

"Go!" repeated Stephen; "allow me to solicit you in the imperative mood to get out!" and, rising from his seat, he pushed his brother out of the box.

"Go on, Mr. Jacques," said he, *ad vocem*, as he resumed his seat.

Charles Percy hurried around the lobby to his friend.

"Longworth, come with me!" exclaimed Charles in an emphatic whisper, snatching the gentleman he addressed by the arm, and hurried him towards the box where the rude strangers were.

A moment more, and the two young Americans stood in the box alluded to, in presence of five officers in British uniform, who remained seated, Charles Percy having calmly closed the door behind him.

"A piece of ungentlemanly rudeness has been committed in this box," said Percy, in firm and impressive accents. "The lady in the next box, is one to whom I have the honor of standing in the relation of protector, and—"

"Pon my soul, my dear fellow, I envy you!" said one of the officers.

"You cannot trifle with me, Sir!" returned Percy, quickly, but still calmly, though a dangerous light shot from his eye as he spoke.

"Can't say we know you, *Mister*?" drawled another of the officers.

"You shall know me, Sir!" replied Percy. "Gentlemen," continued he, "for I hold you as officers of the English army, entitled to be so considered, I ask to be informed who drew the curtains from that box, and impudently stared for some moments at a lady with whom he is unacquainted?"

At this, one of the officers who had not before spoken, rose to his feet, exhibiting in the action evident indications of excessive conviviality. "Sir," said he, "you may do me the honor to address yourself to me."

"Then, Sir, as my presence cannot be over-creed here, and as your conduct has compelled me to leave more pleasant society, you may state as briefly as you please exactly what you meant by demeanor to which you must understand I take most positive exception."

Another officer here rose, and seemed about to commence some violent outbreak, when he who had avowed himself as the offender, laid his hand sternly on his friend's shoulder, and declared in a thick voice that it was his affair. "Sir," said he to Percy, with all the absurd dignity of a tipsy man, "you are if I mistake not, a—"

He was very near saying *rebel*, but stammered an instant, and finished the interrogatory with—"an American?"

"Long live the Union! and God bless my country!" said Charles Percy, with an enthusiasm of tone that he scorned to restrain.

"Well, Sir, I must allow that you yet bear a very strong similitude to a gentleman. As you intimate that you are in a hurry, and as we can most unanimously grant you leave of absence, I suppose you desire my card?"

"That, or an unequivocal apology, Sir."

"The first is most convenient, *Mister American*," said the officer, handing his card, which Percy immediately took, putting his own in the Englishman's hand at the same moment. "Good night!" said the British officer.

Percy and Longworth bowed and left the box.

CHAPTER II.

"There is a manner of following so divine, that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth."—LAVATER.

"Thus does the eye-chance cause of things Run a perpetual circle ever turning; And that same day that highest glory brings, Brings us but to the point of black returning!" DANIEL'S CLOTHFAIR.

"O, blood! Iago, blood!"—OTHELLO.

The nuptials of Charles Percy and Cornelia Neville had been agreed upon with great joy, not only by the destined bride and groom, but by their two families, and their whole circle of connections and friends. The approaching union of the young couple seemed to present a broad and manifest contradiction of the old poet's assertion, that the course of true love never did run smooth; for never did two hearts twine more fondly and firmly around each other, and never did the world seem more free from any semblance of obstacle to the happiness that true love sighed for. Alas! how blind are we to the stupendous changes the turning of an hour-glass may weave in the frail tissue of our destiny! Wonderful as the mechanism of the eye, delicate as the fabrication of beautiful spots upon the wing of a butterfly, is the microscopic multitude of undreamed of events that move the hearts of men and the destinies of nations in the quick passing of a single moment!

The morning after the incident at the theatre, related in our first chapter, Charles Percy was called upon by Col. Stanford, a young officer in His Majesty's service, whose family rank at home and high reputation in the army, went hand in hand to confer upon him honor. He was ac-

companied by two friends, two of those who were in the box with him the evening before, and he held in his hand the challenge sent to him that morning by young Percy. In the frank spirit of a brave soldier, and with the graceful ease of a gentleman, Col. Stanford addressed his challenger:

"Mr. Percy, two of the gentlemen who were with me at the theatre last evening, accompany me now. The other two could not conveniently attend me, or I would have rejoiced that you should see them here also, to hear me most sincerely declare my regret for the occurrence of last evening. I will not ask you to spare me the humiliating confession that imprudence had rendered me for a time forgetful of respect for myself and others, for a man's shame should be in committing an error, and not in its acknowledgment. I behaved unbecomingly, Sir, to the annoyance of a lady and yourself. Through your permit me to solicit from that lady her pardon, and let me entreat you, Sir, to accord me henceforth what I so idly forfeited in a foolish moment, the estimation of a gentleman."

The sunlight of a noble soul rose and spread like the loveliest hue of morning over the classic brow of Charles Percy; quick in forgiveness as in anger, he stepped forward extending his hand to Stanford.

And did the cloud here vanish from the ethereal blue, which threatened to lower so darkly over the long holiday life that rosy love seemed preparing for Charles and Cornelia? Was such the lofty spirit actuating British officers in revolutionary times? Alas! the cloud did but fade away, thinly, to gather again with lightning in its breast of darkness, and hurl more fatally its bolt of wild destruction. One superior soul will more often cast glory upon others of meaner mould around, than those others will honorably emulate the excellence that lights them into notice. The story will show.

A moment, Sir, before you give your hand," said Col. Stanford. "It may matter little, but I feel a desire to be open as the day with you, and therefore am impelled to explain, that my brother officers do not sanction the course, that, in opposition to their sentiments, I have adopted in this affair. Two of them, in fact, have refused to be present here at all, and the gentlemen with me attend reluctantly at my earnest request. You will believe, Sir, that nothing but an immovable conviction of justice and propriety in what I do, could induce me to act so directly against the wishes of my companion in arms."

Col. Stanford, said Percy, "I have no quarrel, and I seek none with your friends. Your brave and honorable conduct has made me rather a petitioner for regard than a seeker after redress, and I can rejoice more in taking your hand as a friend than your life as an offender. Furthermore, Sir, let me avow that in soliciting a deadly meeting with you, I yielded only to the exaction of a custom which in heart and reason I can never acknowledge."

The hand of the young American was seized by the English officer, and the pledge of friendship was exchanged with equal warmth: Stanford departing with his two friends, who bowed stiffly to Percy as they left without having uttered a syllable.

Six months had nearly rolled away, and the appointed bridal day of Percy and Miss Neville was approaching, when one day a letter, postmarked, "Montreal," and directed to "Charles Percy," was put into his hands. It was from Stanford; demanding, entreating, imploring, that the fatal meeting they once avoided should now take place! Let those who can imagine the wonder, and horror, and consternation of Charles Percy! Stanford wrote that he was preparing to follow his letter instantly in New York. His life had been rendered wretched, he said; he had been slighted, cut, contemptuously treated by his brother officers; society shunned him like a thing of disease. A brand was upon him; the finger of scorn pointed after him; and the shallow foppings of the day stared through their eyeglasses at the cowardly officer who had disgraced the British uniform, and basely apologized to an American! a miserable Yankee rebel! Even his family in England had in correspondence betrayed too plainly, what in pity those once kind ones endeavored awkwardly to conceal, their cruel and degrading estrangement. Stanford wrote in plainness. Explanation or argument with his sneering persecutors was vain, for they would either not listen to him, or hear him with a cold look and no reply. He confessed that he trembled for his sanity, yet half felt that loss of reason would be relief from present horror of mind. Growing wilder, he owned that all his miseries clamored now around one haunting idea: he had lost friends, country, home, regard, affection; he was despised, spurned, down-trodden; a solitary wretch, who could not raise his eyes without meeting contempt from the proud, and more degrading pity from the mean; and the young New Yorker, Charles Percy was the cause!

Col. Stanford had left New York the day after his noble reconciliation with Percy, and had remained in Canada the whole of this interim. Three days after his letter had been received, he arrived himself in New York, and instantly despatched a cold and formal challenge to the man for whom his heart yearned, and whom society sentenced him to hunt into the grave as his bitterest enemy! Percy received the hostile message, and went at once to see his challenger in person. He thought the calm influence of humanity and reason, and the teaching of a higher philosophy, might be brought to bear upon the excited mind of poor Stanford; but his generous attempt was fruitless. Stanford would not see him. He wrote to the unhappy officer; his letters came back unopened. Every conceivable method was tried by Percy to change the aspect

of this extraordinary position in which Stanford had forced him, until finding every thing else failed, he at length flatly refused the challenge. It was soon clear that this would not avert the danger, for Stanford threatened desperate vengeance in some way if he was not met in the manner he desired, swearing that as life was only agony to him without it, his life should be devoted to the achievement of this only object, and he would pursue Percy unceasingly until the opposition of their persons in fair conflict was granted.

So persecuted, Charles Percy at length, reluctantly and with a heavy heart, consented to yield the unhappy man his wish, and they met one morning, accompanied by their seconds, among the voiceless and then seldom trodden solitudes of Hoboken. It was the first time Percy had seen Stanford since their reconciliation. Heavens! what a change! His fine form had dwindled to a skeleton; his cheeks had fallen in, and his eyes glared wildly, and with singular lustre from their deep sockets. With a sick sensation at the heart, Percy saw at a glance, that such a man was no longer to be moved by words of exhortation. Once only, catching the stern and strange gaze of Stanford upon him, he advanced a step, making an imploring gesture, but the half-crazed British officer smiled as he turned away, and the sport of a triumphant devil was in his smile.

Beneath the serenity of early day, the usual preparations for human slaughter in an honorable way, according to the newest refinements of the fashion, went on, and Percy took his position mechanically, with his melancholy eye fixed upon Stanford, all in sorrow and pity, and with a suddenly-formed presentment of evil sinking deeply and heavily in his heart. It would seem that he had never wholly given up the hope of some mild termination to the most unhappy affair, until he met Stanford on the ground, marked the terrible ravages of mental anguish, and saw the freezing character of his unnatural smile. He had still refused and delayed the meeting until the very day before that appointed for his marriage, when reflection in regard to Stanford came upon him more seriously than ever, and he flew from racking thoughts to the hasty resolution of accepting at once the challenge, that an end might be put in any way to so dreadful a dilemma, rather than carry with him the serpent of bitter anxiety into the paradise of Cornelia's arms.

The preliminaries being arranged, the seconds stepped aside, and the usual words were spoken. Percy never raised his weapon, but stood mutely with that same sorrowful, and as it proved prophetic gaze, fixed upon the ghastly face of his transformed friend, until a dozen echoes answered the report of a pistol, and he fell with the icicle of death in his heart, to be carried home on his bridal day a corpse!

Shall we paint here the shrieking Cornelia, in her summer wreaths and wedding robes? No! We will only pause to mention the terrible oath of Stephen Percy. He had heard that Stanford was driven to this unjust and desperate act chiefly by the violent urging of one man in Canada; an officer, who with relentless cruelty insisted upon the blood of young Percy. Stephen knelt by his brother's corpse, solemnly forgave the madman Stanford, and sternly swore if ever he met this other officer, to render him up a bleeding sacrifice upon the grave of Charles.

Poor Stanford! Percy died without a groan; but oh! how wild and desolate the fate left for his domed murderer!

Let us hurry over eighteen months, and learn the startling sequel of this story.

CONCLUSION.

"I say thou liest, and wilt maintain what thou saidst in fact, in thy heart's blood!"—RICHARD THE SECOND.

"Dead, for life."

Even so, my tale is told.—LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

"Percy, I'm sorry you have come," exclaimed Lester Depeyster, a wealthy *bon vivant*, to Stephen Percy, as the latter entered one evening the principal apartment of a hotel in New York. It was late in the evening, and Depeyster sat at the head of a dining table, upon which now appeared only decanters and bottles of wine, glasses, and such accompaniments as are usually left with guests disposed for a long sitting after dinner. It had been a birthday or some other festival, with Lester Depeyster, and the dinner had been of his giving. A number of his congenial friends had been invited, and Stephen Percy was amongst them. Other engagements had prevented the attendance of Percy in time for dinner, and he had sought the hotel in the evening to tender congratulations to his companion from his school, on the happiness of the occasion, and in a glass of generous wine, invoke a long continuance of friendship, prosperity and enjoyment. Some of the guests had already taken departure, while some of those remaining began to give warm evidence of having done full honor to the hospitality of their host. Several young men were disputing loudly and earnestly at the lower end of the table, with one who was arguing and maintaining his point alone, with great spirit and determination. The hour of ceremony was past, and Percy, without engaging much attention, passed in with a general bow to the company to a seat beside Depeyster.

"You are sorry I've come?" said Stephen in a tone expressing at once astonishment and enquiry; "did I misunderstand?"

"No, no," replied Depeyster, "that's what I said; I am very sorry you're come; but no matter; you're here now. Come, let me fill for you."

"The wine will hardly taste well without an explanation of that," said Percy, in a marked and deliberate manner.

"Not now, not now," returned Depeyster; "but come; it is perhaps no matter; and I cannot explain: any other time I will. Percy, here's

"Privateers and Merchantmen in the Battery-hollow!" When you and I can't drink that together, let us never more shake hands."

An enthusiastic smile broke out instantly on the faces of the two friends, and their hands joined in a strong grasp as they tossed off the wine.

"The circular 'hollow,' about three feet deep and about two hundred yards in circumference, then, and until some fifteen or twenty years since, occupying one section of the Battery, was a famous play-ground of the boys of New York. Many a young heart ached, and many an old one sighed, when the wise worthies of the New York Corporation, the potent, grave, reverend and turfed gentlemen of the City Hall sent a detachment of town-carts to haul brick-bats and building-rubbish, saw-dust and oyster-shells, mud monuments erected to oblivious street inspectors, and all the other vile superfluities of the streets, and to 'dump' them into that beautiful green hollow. It was an agrarian measure, alike hateful to rich and poor among the juveniles. Nor was the risen generation much opposed to them in sentiment, for that same sporting-ground of the boys, had been the courting promenade of their fathers and mothers, and every association of early mirth and dawning love made the spot sacred to affection, with young and old. The city legislators of that period may shake in their shoes even now when they learn that there was a desperate conspiracy on foot, and bold-spirited delegates with 'shining morning faces,' actually went from school to school agitating a general insurrection of the boys, to duck the aldermen in the Collect for filling up the hollow in the Battery! Had there been such a facility as a fountain in the Park then, there would have been a christening of the Common Council to a certainty; and posterity would have been left in possession of one original reason for aldermen being so proverbially hollow-headed.

It was to this delightful play-ground which Depeyster alluded in his toast, calling to Percy's memory also a popular game in which they had often participated together, and perhaps not yet forgotten in New York, known under the cognomination of "Privateers and Merchantmen."

An hour passed away rapidly and merrily, as hours generally do when two old friends get together under such circumstances; and the occupants at the other end of the table, who had been less noisy for a time, again grew heated;—the one who was most prominent before, now speaking with open anger and violence.

"Who is that?" inquired Stephen Percy of Depeyster.

"He was an officer in the British army," replied the host; "a long time stationed in Canada, and just now arrived here on a visit to this city alone, having resigned his commission. He is a brave fellow, and generous-hearted too, but Quixotic and wild in sentiment. He has been at loggerheads with our young countrymen there, ever since he sat down, and I fear it will end in a serious quarrel yet."

These words were hardly more than uttered, when the gentleman spoken of, raising his voice still higher, said to one seated opposite—

"Sir, you were never more mistaken in your life, for I tell you, *Commodore Rodgers* is emphatically a coward."

Stephen Percy bent forward, and darted a piercing glance at the speaker; then slowly emptied his glass, and while Depeyster was turning to converse with another, he touched a waiter on the shoulder, and left the room. The waiter followed him.

"Take this card to that gentleman who is speaking loud, and say that I desire a single moment's conversation with him," said Percy, and the waiter returned into the dining-room.

"Commodore Rodgers is my friend, Sir," said Stephen Percy, as the person he sent for appeared; "he is now absent at sea. Without ill-will, Sir, and addressing you as a gentleman, I must request you to return before the company, and retract the assertion you have just made."

"A very modest request, Sir," said the stranger, with a provoking smile; and should I be so unreasonable as to refuse, perhaps you will challenge me?"

"You shall neither insult my friend, Sir, nor laugh at me. You have my card, Sir," said Percy, sternly.

"Yes," said the stranger, taking it from his pocket; "your name is Percy, I see; Percy is a good name; and you seem to be of the Hotspur family too. You want to quarrel?"

"I want and will have justice done to a brave and honorable man, Sir, and am ready to lose my own life rather than suffer any slanderous tongue to take from him one particle of his glorious reputation. The assertion you made, Sir, was—"

"There, that'll do; it can all be very handsomely arranged without any useless expenditure of epithet, worthy Sir. Allow me to ask you, do you rise early?"

"If I do not, Sir, I can change a custom to suit occasion."

"Then I think we can agree, and without making any noise about the matter: you just bring a friend and meet me somewhere quietly as soon after daybreak as you please, to-morrow morning."

"I'll accommodate you, Sir," said Percy; "and your humor jumps very well with my own. I'll have a boat ready, and we'll take a sail or a row to Governor's Island."

"Sir, I honor you for the suggestion. I'm told a morning trip to that lovely spot is truly enchanting. Now, never mind exchanging cards, but let us go back, arm in arm, if you'll allow me; and we must take wine together, just for the sport of throwing these gaping young countrymen of yours off the scent of what's in the wind."

And in this manner the two engaged duellists returned to the dining-table apparently upon

the pleasantest terms that could spring from the natural contact of genial dispositions.

The next morning a light breeze, with a single sail swelling roundly to a June breeze, swept out from the Battery beach, over the sportive white-caps of the bay towards Governor's Island. Two men guided the little vessel, while four others, of more refined appearance, with their foreheads bared to the refreshing air from the ocean, sat in easy conversation, their minds irresistibly attuned to composure by the melancholy beauty of a morning before sunrise.

"A lovely, a very lovely day!" said the young stranger, whose name yet remained untold, as it was unasked. "Mr. Percy, I have looked with delight upon the bays of Naples and of Dublin; and were I an American, I would swear this of New York is the most beautiful bay in the world. I will not deny, Sir, that it may be early associations together with the other enchantments of country and home, (so seldom analysed while we are so happy in them without examination,) which cause me to love the shores and waves of Dublin bay better than any other waters and shores in the world; for Sir, I am an Irishman; but were I born here on your Indian island of Manhattan, I would not change it for any other spot in Christendom."

The volatile young Irishman, actually in defiance of the solemn business before him, broke into song; and the eloquent words of "Erin go Bragh," were given to the breeze that went sweeping by.

Stephen Percy was a man of iron nerve and deadly skill with the pistol; and a strange sensation of weakness stole into his lion heart, as he listened to this extraordinary exposition of sentiment and cool recklessness in the same breath. It was nothing akin to fear, which struck him, but rather a sadness, a regret for the act he was about to engage in, as he listened to his opponent's singing:

"Doried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be the fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-strings sing aloud with devotion,
Erin na coisnne, Erin go Bragh!"

They were soon on the island, and a few moments sufficed them for preliminaries. The word was given; they fired; and the ball of Stephen Percy dashed through the forehead of his adversary, who fell dead without a groan.

All had been so secret, so little was to be gained, so much difficulty to be feared from exposure, that the seconds agreed to convey the body to the city and have it interred privately; which was done, and the unhappy fate of that ill-directed young enthusiast was probably never known to his friends.

Not long after, Percy happening in company with his friend Lester Depeyster, said thoughtfully, "Lester, why did you say that evening I took wine with you and your friends, that you were 'sorry I had come?' You promised to explain."

"I will, I will," replied Depeyster. "You remember that very young fellow from Canada, who was so noisy at the table—a strange character; very impetuous and violent? By the way I have not seen him since, and nobody knows what has become of him."

"I remember," said Percy.

"Well, the moment before you entered the room, he had been boasting that it was himself who had awakened excitement against Col. Stanford in Canada, and his threats, sneers and arguments, had driven that officer at length back to New York to shoot his brother Charles."

"Heaven and earth! how strange!" mentally ejaculated Stephen Percy.

It remains only to be added, that the unfortunate Stanford, having returned to Canada with reason shattered forever, and being transferred by his relatives to a lunatic asylum in England, there died about the same time that the young Irishman was shot on Governor's Island.

There was a kind old maiden lady buried a very short time since in a New York churchyard; and there now reposes the dust of one named in this story as Cornelia Neville.

News from Seat of War. The following letter from the N. O. Delta, contains some information which we have not seen elsewhere, and though it has been anticipated in date, we gave it place for that reason:

CAMP OPPOSITE MATAMORAS.
Andrew Jackson Regiment, June 1 1846.

DEAR DELTA.—On Wednesday evening a deputation comprising the alcalde and a few other officials of the Mexican town of Reinoso, about 50 miles from this, came into Gen. Taylor's camp with a flag of truce, and tendered the surrender of that town, fearing he might make a descent upon it, and intimating the desire of the people they represented to come under the general's order. The positive answer of General Taylor is not promulgated, but the Mexicans evidently left satisfied. On their return Capt. Walker's men, was met about 35 miles from our camp by Gen. Canales, at the head of about 1500 to 2000 Mexican cavalry, who were evidently on their way to reconnoitre our movements and catch stragglers. Gen. Canales made prisoners of the alcalde and his companions, and by this time they are food for worms.

A day or two since, a Mexican Lieut. Col. (with a hard name), who had concealed himself, took it into his head to get tipsy and dress himself in full uniform. As soon as he appeared in the street he was arrested, and is now kept under guard, he has suggested the propriety of being let off on his parole, but Gen. Taylor, probably fearing that he cannot take good care of himself, refuses to grant him his liberty. He is a stupid looking fellow, and if it had not been ascertained that he was an officer, I should feel inclined to believe that he was some ambitious plebeian, who had donned an officers uniform in order to better his condition as a prisoner of war.

U. S. Senate. There is now a democratic majority in the Senate, of only six members. The whole number is 56. Of the 17 whose terms expire next March, 13 are whigs, and of these six represent Democratic States.

THE CHINESE MUSEUM. The Price of Admission to the Great Chinese Museum in the Marlboro Chapel, Boston, has been reduced to Twenty-Five Cents.

This is the only Exhibition of the kind in this country, and there is only one other like it in the world. It will probably be removed from Boston in the course of a few months.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 7, 1846.

ELECTION—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. DANA.

CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

We place at the head of our editorial columns, as a candidate for the office of Governor, the name of Hon. JOHN W. DANA, the nominee of the Democratic State Convention, held at Portland on the first of this present month. In so doing, we feel fully assured that we present a name for the suffrages of our democratic friends, which will be hailed with enthusiasm all over the state—a name that will rally to the polls in September the thick masses of the democracy from one extreme of the state to the other—from the hardy fishermen that inhabit our rocky coasts and islands to sturdy woodmen who are hewing out homes for themselves in the forests of Oxford, Franklin, Penobscot and Aroostook.

In presenting the name of Mr. Dana, we present a man against whom, we believe not a single republican in the state has a personal or political objection, or unkind feeling, and a man against whose character federalism with all its malignity can bring no railing accusation. In his private relations, as a citizen, his character is above reproach. As a man he is remarkable for the soundness of his judgment, the affability of his manner, his unassuming deportment, and courteous demeanor, blended with uncommon firmness and decision of character. As a statesman he is eminent for the clearness and comprehensiveness of his views, and as a democrat, for the soundness of his principles and his unyielding firmness in defending them on all occasion.

Mr. Dana is a man who has seen much of public life. He was several years a member of the House of Representatives, where he was distinguished for his sound good sense, and practical knowledge of the interests and wants of the state. He was a member of the Committee selected to sit between the sessions of the legislature of 1840 and '41 for the purpose of revising the laws of the state, where his general intelligence and practical knowledge were of essential service to his colleagues. He was afterwards elected to the Senate of the State by the democracy of Oxford, and on a second election was chosen to preside over that body. There the natural mildness of his disposition and urbanity of manners, appeared most conspicuous, and which, added to the quickness of his preception and the soundness of his judgment, made him one of the most popular officers that ever presided over that body.

Before Mr. Dana left the Senate he was appointed on the Commission under the treaty of Washington, for quieting the settlers on the disputed territory, which by the provisions of that treaty fell within this state, and of settling their claims to the lands on which they lived. The duties of this difficult commission were so impartially, yet so directly performed that we do not believe he left a single enemy among the inhabitants on the frontier. In fact, in so high estimation is he held by the people inhabiting these forest homes, for his equity and justice that they have been among the most active men in the state in bringing his name before the people as a candidate for the high and responsible office to which he has been nominated, and will, at the polls speak in still more audible language the estimation in which they hold him.

If any thing were wanting to prove the estimation in which Mr. Dana is held by the people of this state, it would be found in fact that he has received a nomination from the largest Democratic State Convention ever held in Maine, and that too over three competitors, each of whom were among our strongest and most popular citizens. While the decision of this convention does not detract in the least from the high estimation in which the people hold his worthy competitors, it certainly is the strongest guarantee of the hold which he has upon the popular affection.

Such fellow citizens, is an imperfect outline of the character of the man whom a convention of democracy of the state have presented to you for the highest state office in your gift. In presenting his name, that convention has done the duty you assigned to it, in a manner which we doubt not will be satisfactory to our friends throughout the state. To elect him is a duty which now devolves upon you. This duty we have no doubt, you will cheerfully perform. We have met in convention and settled our preferences for men—now let us prepare to meet our political opponents at the polls, and there settle our preferences for principles. Hereafter let our watchword be, **"DANA AND DEMOCRACY!"**—Augusta Age.

STATE CONVENTION.

The proceedings, in detail, of the Democratic State Convention have not been received, we are therefore unable to give anything more than the result of the ballot for a candidate for Governor. It is as follows:

Whole number of ballots,	428
Necessary to a choice, <td>215</td>	215
John W. Dana of Fryeburg, had <td>236</td>	236
Samuel Wells of Portland, <td>77</td>	77
Nathan Clifford of Newfield, <td>74</td>	74
Theodore Ingalls of Bridgton, <td>46</td>	46
Scattering, <td>5</td>	5

The vote for President of the Convention was as follows:

For Stephen C. Foster of Pembroke, <td>225</td>	225
Daniel Emory of Hampden, <td>178</td>	178
Scattering, <td>5</td>	5

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION. "We hear the proposition for a Convention of the people for the purpose of revising the State Constitution, spoken of with approbation, by all whose attention has been directed to the subject. The frequent calls that are made upon the people for alterations in the fundamental law of the State, and the patched and incongruous appearance of the constitution as it now stands, have convinced reflecting men that the time has arrived when that instrument should be carefully revised and corrected by the experience which the administration of our government for a quarter of a century under it, has shown to be necessary. What say, brethren of the Press, upon this subject?"—Augusta Age.

We say aye, the sooner the better. The habits, condition, manner of thinking on many topics, and manner of doing business of the people of this State have, within the last twenty-five years, materially changed. Why should not the fundamental law of the State also undergo a corresponding change.

U. S. SENATOR. On Friday evening, 26th ult., the House and Senate met respectively in Caucus and again balloted for a candidate for U. S. Senator. Hon. Hugh J. Anderson withdrawing his name, the Senate nominated Hon. John Anderson, of Portland, by three majority, and the House nominated Hon. H. Hamlin, by 28 majority, each on the third ballot. The Caucus then adjourned until to-morrow evening.

THE RAIL ROAD.—We understand that contracts have been entered into between some New York companies and the Directors of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road for the grading and bridging of the road from Portland to Royal's river in North Yarmouth. The contractors will commence work on different parts of the line in the course of the present month, and the grading is to be completed before the ground is closed by frost. The bridging it is supposed will not be completed until the coming winter. Notice has also been given to the owners and occupants of land over which the Company have taken the "right of way," to take their crops therefrom in season, in order that they may suffer as little as possible from the works on the Road.

TRAMMERS FIRE.—There was, on the 9th ult., a terrible fire in St. John's, Newfoundland. Two thirds of the town was destroyed, and 12,000 persons were rendered homeless. The loss of property is estimated at £1,000,000 sterling, or near \$5,000,000. Fortunately but three lives were lost.

THE NEW ORLEANS TROPIC of June 22d contains the following information, dated—"Matamoros, May 10. Mazatlan has revolted against Paredes, and proclaimed Santa Anna President of the Republic. This was done on the 6th of May, under the command of Col. Teles.

Paredes was to leave the Capital on the 6th ult. for the Rio Grande, at the head of the army of reserve."

The President has sent in to the Senate the nominations of Gen. Taylor and Col. Wm. O. Butler, of Ky. as Major Generals—the former under the first supplementary war bill, and the latter under the bill to organize the volunteers—and they have both been confirmed.

Col. Butler was a gallant officer in our second war of independence, and was the candidate of the Democratic party in Kentucky for Governor in opposition to Gov. Casey.

Capt. Page, who was so seriously wounded in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, has arrived at New Orleans, in a very low condition. His wife, who went on to meet him, waited several weeks in New Orleans for a passage to Point Isabel, and finally left in the steamer Alabama a few days before her wounded husband arrived.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore American, writing under date of the 30th ult., says,—"Mr. Buchanan has taken leave of the State department, and this day was nominated for one of the Judges of the Supreme Court for the Circuit of Pennsylvania."

It is said that a court martial will be convened to try Gen. Gaines. The faults of the brave old General are, an excess of zeal to defend his country. The New York Sun, says—"The country will not punish him for this excess of zeal for the success of our arms, nor will the government, but a court martial of officers may."

Bonnets made of spun glass and silk were exhibited at the great national fair. It is stated that each bonnet contains 140,000 yards of spun glass. The price of these elegant articles was fixed at \$20 each.

A correspondent at Baltimore, writing to the N. Y. Courier, says—"I have just seen a letter from a gentleman on board the Columbus, in the China sea, which states that the Chinese government has refused to sign the treaty between that nation and the U. States, alleging as a reason that the American Minister was not present."

The Democrats of Vermont have nominated the Hon. John Smith for Governor, and Gen. T. B. Ransom for Lieut. Governor.

Augusta, July 3, 1846.

FAIRBANK MILLET.—Thus far, this session of the Legislature has been a peaceable, quiet one. There has been but little talk in either branch, less than at any previous session for many years past. Another thing worthy of notice, is the disposition to work manfully among a great majority of the members; for all who have visited Augusta recently express themselves satisfied that their public servants are disposed to be industrious, do up the business before them and go home. Only one or two questions have assumed a party character, and on them but little feeling was manifested; and on the whole it may be safely said, more kind, and conciliating feelings, among a body of men so large, seldom exists.

The United States Senator question still remains unsettled. That the members of the Legislature, coming from different parts of the State, representing different interests, and having in some cases strong personal feelings for their several friends, should differ as to the man to be selected for this important station, is not at all strange;—indeed, this is to be expected. But it is time these differences were finally settled. The good and harmony of the Democratic party requires it. Your readers will recollect that the Senate, several times, nominated Gov. Anderson, and once elected him to this office; but previous to the last caucus he withdrew his name, and the party originally composed of the friends of the Gov. Messrs. McCrate and Cary, went in for the Hon. John Anderson, of Portland. At one ballot in the last Senate caucus the votes were equally divided between Messrs. Anderson and Hamlin; afterwards Anderson was nominated, and sent down to the House caucus. The House stuck to their old candidate, the Hon. H. Hamlin, and three times in succession gave him the nomination,—he receiving about two thirds of all the votes thrown. In this branch Mr. Hamlin has at every trial been uniformly nominated; and he is undoubtedly the first choice of a very large majority of its members.

Several of the members being absent at the State Convention in Portland, a new trial to nominate has been deferred to Wednesday next, at which time, I have no doubt, a concurrent nomination will be made in both branches.

Last week was a great week for Augusta. The town was thronged with strangers from all parts of the State. The Congressional State Conference brought together a great number of the leading members of that denomination, both Clergy and laymen, whose deliberations lasted three days.

The State Temperance Union held its annual meeting in this town on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. It was well attended by leading temperance men from different sections of the State. Dr. Jewett, Mr. Kellogg, the Buckeye orator, Dea. Grant, and several other strangers of distinction, were present and participated in the exercises of the meeting.

Petitions praying for an alteration in the License Law, and signed by about forty thousand petitioners, have already been presented to the Legislature. These petitioners had a hearing before the Committee to whom they have been referred, and their views were enforced with great ability and power by Gen. Appleton, John T. Walton, and Neal Dow, of Portland, and Dr. Jewett, of Massachusetts. This Committee will probably report a Bill embodying the views of the petitioners, with a clause referring the same to the people.

The Free Masons had also a great meeting in this town last week on Wednesday. They appeared in Masonic regalia, and were addressed by Joseph R. Chandler, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mr. C. fully sustained the high reputation he brought with him to this place.

The President of the Senate being absent, that body made choice of Gen. John J. Perry, on Wednesday last, President pro tem.

The result of the State Convention at Portland yesterday has reached this town. The nomination of the Hon. JOHN W. DANA I believe will be received by the Democracy of Maine with great pleasure, and I here predict that he will be triumphantly elected.

The Legislature leave to-day in the Steamer Hanzas for Portland, in conformity with an invitation to be present on the 4th, at the breaking ground of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road. The Senate have a Session this morning at half past seven o'clock. The House yesterday adjourned over until Monday next.

Yours, truly,
O. P. Q.

THE WINES.—The New York Courier and Enquirer, which goes for defending the country, has taken about as political brother, the New York Tribune, which goes for something different.

The Tribune attempts to make its readers believe that we are not serious in recommending the people to let it alone; but charges that we are trying to excite them to riot. Now what are the facts?

"The black-hearted treason of that paper had so outraged public opinion, that at the great meeting in the Park—when we were absent from the city and had never alluded to its treason—a disposition to mob the press was exhibited, and allayed by the prudence of the editor's partner, who threatened his building in honor of our arms, while his paper and its editor could not rejoice over our victories of Pikes Alto and Resaca de la Palma."

Lead for France.—An order has been received at St. Louis, Missouri, for 12,000 pigs of lead for the French government, five thousand of which were shipped from that city for Versailles, France, the 10th ult.

Hon. Samuel Lawrence says that he is indebted to kind Providence for a fair portion of this world's goods.

For "kind providence," read, "a protective tariff."

Texas has about 2,400 men in the army of the Rio Grande. The sneers of the Whig and Abolition presses upon her were unjust; her sons rush to her defence with the same zeal with which they fought at San Jacinto.

Matamoros is, just now, a great place for trade, and Yankee notions buy more clever than they did before, while the so long oppressed Mexicans are delighted at their freedom.

Legislative Synopsis.

SATURDAY, June 27.

In Senate—Petition of James Hersey and others for the allowance of certain charges now due them from the State, was presented by Mr. Perry.

In the House—Nothing of interest.

MONDAY, June 29.

In Senate—A Resolve was introduced by Mr. Allen accepting the invitation of the President and Directors of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road, which passed unanimously.

In the House—A similar Resolve was introduced by Mr. Paine, of Bangor, and passed unanimously.

TUESDAY, June 30.

In Senate—Petition of Simon W. Gregg and others, for an appropriation for a road through Dunn's Notch to Canada line, was presented and referred.

In the House—Nothing of interest.

WEDNESDAY, July 1.

In Senate—The President being absent, the Senate made choice of Gen. John J. Perry as President pro tem.

Bill to incorporate the Sebago and Long Pond Steam Navigation Company was read once.

In the House—Nothing of interest.

A cargo of new wheat, the first of the season, reached Baltimore market on the 27th ult. The quality was prime, weighing 61 pounds to the bushel, and sold at 102 cents per bushel.

Yucatan is working her way to independence, and some of the States west of the Rio Grande are talking about coming under the protection of the U. States.

We have seen some recent articles in the New Orleans and Mobile papers about the payment of the expenses due by the government.

Upon inquiring to-day at the proper departments at Washington, we are informed that "So far as the department is concerned, there has been a sufficient amount of funds at all times in the credit of paymasters at New Orleans for the payment of the regular troops; that since the appropriation of 10,000,000, which is applicable to the payment of volunteers, \$1,120,000 have been drawn from it for that purpose. This is as much as they will be entitled to until they shall have been two months in service. \$539,000 of this have been sent to New Orleans. There are claims for military services not provided for in any appropriation; such of course will remain unsettled until Congress shall act upon them."

We have also received the following memoranda:—

"The appropriations were exhausted in January."

"The act making appropriations for the regular service was approved on the 5th of May, and the act making appropriations for the volunteers on the 13th of May, 1846. From these appropriations there has been remitted, on requisitions of the quartermaster general, to Col. Whiting and Hunt, and Major Thomas, for the service of the quartermaster's department at New Orleans and Point Isabel, the sum of nine hundred and thirty thousand dollars; a draft for fifty thousand dollars of that sum, sent to Major Thomas in May, was returned to the treasury in consequence of the bank of Louisiana refusing to receive it on deposit."

Quartermaster's office, June 27, 1846.

"The resolution which passed the House of Representatives providing for the payment of the expenses incurred by the calls for volunteers by General Gaines, has not been acted on by the Senate, most probably in consequence of numerous engagements which have lately pressed upon that body. [Washington Union.]

LETTER FROM MEXICO. The U. S. ship of war Fairmount arrived at Pensacola the evening of Friday, the 10th inst. The officers and crew were all well.

The U. S. steam frigate Princeton had arrived off Vera Cruz, and with the frigate Haritan was maintaining the blockade of the port. The health of the crew of both vessels was excellent although the vomito was raging in the city of Vera Cruz.

The Fairmount left at Vera Cruz the British brig of war Rose and the French brig Le Mercure and bark La Perouse.

The late of the bark Egeusis, Capt. Biscoe, from New York—which vessel, it will be recollected ran the blockade—was uncertain. Instructions for disposing of her had been sought from the capital.

Although we have now received intelligence by way of Havana and of Tampico, and by the Fairmount, that Paredes would certainly take the command of the army in person, yet there was an impression prevalent among men of sagacity in Vera Cruz, when the Fairmount left, that he would not, and could not venture to leave the city of Mexico during the session of Congress. It is said that nearly one half of the country is in open revolt. The news received here a fortnight since of the revolt at Mazatlan is confirmed, and as we then anticipated, Senora is now in a state of rebellion against the Central Government.

So ripe for revolution is the Department of Vera Cruz, that upon the departure of the Fairmount it was said there were 1500 men outside the city of Vera Cruz ready to attack it at any moment, upon the signal being given. Some of the guns had actually been removed from the Castle of San Juan de Uloa and placed around the city for its defence, and troops had been withdrawn from the castle for the same purpose.

The intelligence received from the Tampico on Sunday shows how that city was rent by internal dissensions, and considering the deplorable state of the country in every quarter and under every aspect, it would by no means surprise us were Paredes compelled to forego his cherished purpose of placing himself at the head of the Mexican army.

To illustrate the treachery of Gen. Alvarez towards Paredes, the story is circulated at Vera Cruz that the former, who had the command of the forces at Mazatlan, was supplied with \$1,500,000 with which to act against the American squadron in the Pacific. No sooner had Alvarez obtained the funds than he pronounced against Paredes, kept all the money, and even sold the cannon in the fort. [N. O. Picayune.]

A war is said to be brewing between the Sioux and Pawnees on the Nebraska, which it is supposed will be quite fatal.

G. WASHINGTON MILLETT, P. M.

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